1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

was much of white man's magic that was not astonishing. Old men and young men had heard of machines with people on them that flew like birds, but had they not their own stories about the sacred vulture, the *opete*, that carried one of their warrior ancestors away from slavery across the river and into this bush? He had simply mounted the bird and said to it, "On your back is my home. You can fly over land, and you can fly over water. I have no boat. You must carry me." And the opete took him. Then there are beings with wings that range the sky, and some of them are birds, and some of them are spirits. No, a machine that flew like a bird was not astonishing magic. Then there was the kino—shadows appearing and moving about like the living—that you could see in the cities. Men on the French shore, too, had seen the kino, but it was a gift any man might have to see things. But here was something which talked back at you. . . .

"Ke . . . !"

"Massa Nen'ge!—Master Nigger!"

"Ma Nen'ge . . . !"

And even our town servant exclaimed, "*Mi Gado*—My God!"

Now all this was very well, except that the Bakra, not satisfied with the ordinary seketi dance tunes, kept asking for Kromanti songs—the warrior-spirit songs—and the bush-god songs, and river-god songs. From one man and from another came the expected, "I do not know such songs." The women did not even dare approach the machine.

At last Apanto came. His hair was braided and he wore a jaguar tooth on a cord about his neck. He was not so muscular as other men of his age, and when he went about there was a softness in his movements that was unaccountably disquieting. His hands were not the hands of a worker of lumber, nor of a boatman who was accustomed to pole heavily loaded boats. They were smaller, and his fingers were narrow at the ends. Apanto, we discovered later, was what the Bush Negroes called a "tiger fighter." In a quarrel, he did not cuff and strike out with his fists, but

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

609 123 115 scratched like a "*tigri*"—a tiger, for this is how the Bush Negroes name the jaguar. Later, when we saw him dance the Tigri Kromanti dance, we witnessed one of the most realistic feline interpretations imaginable. But that is another matter.

Now Apanto was an obia man to be reckoned with, and his fellow villagers and the villagers of neighboring settlements treated him with a deference that his age alone could never have commanded. And it was this Apanto who now came up and said that he would sing the sacred Kromanti songs for our phonograph.

"You will not understand the songs. They will be in the Kromanti language," he warned us. "They are strong, and the machine must be strong to carry them."

It happens that a field phonograph is anything but strong. The mechanism is simple, since the instrument must be light enough to be carried about, and yet it often is subjected to all manner of hard usage. To this is added the [126] hazard of the climate. The turntable is actuated by a belt running from the mechanism inside the case, and the ends of this belt are glued together. This, to be sure, we discovered later. At the moment, we met Apanto's challenge with assurance. We did not doubt that the machine was spiritually strong.

126 533 [197] 539 What he said about the Kromanti language was true. The Kromanti tongo, of which we had been told during our first visit here, we were finding to be an actuality, and although we took down the words as he sang them, aided in hearing them by the repetitions, their meaning was unknown to us. Some of them we learned later. Some of them we knew. "Obia" we knew concerned the spirit, [196] the vague force known by that name, while "Amba" was a deity sacred to Saturday, and was given as a "day name" [551] to women born on that day of the week. This, then, is what he sang:

"*Ma djeni ye-ye*
Obia kule ma djeni no-ho
Obia mo-ye

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

had not acted well toward the Granman. It would be best if we did not stop there. At the others the Granman could assure us hospitality. Then there was talk of hauling wood and making rafts, for our host, who knew these people well, moved safri, too, until he at last felt the moment had come to talk about buying a boat from Ajako.

When the arrangements of the sale were concluded, Ajako came back to talk with us. He had heard that we had a machine which the Kromanti spirit had broken, was it true? Did it really go again? They said the Bakra had much cunning. They said the Bakra knew African magic.

The Bakra said he knew something about Africa. The Ashanti people, for instance, were a fine people.

"*Ma na Asante, na Sa'macca sem-* . . . —But the Ashanti are Saramacca. . . . " But he would go no further, having spoken only one syllable of the word for people. He became guarded. Yes, there were some Anago people from Africa on this Saramacca River, and Dahomey, and Loango, and Fanti; the Ibo peoples were not on this river. . . . And again he would say no more. Later, when we had changed the subject, he said as if in both gratitude and explanation, "*Na sa-i-'akisi, a tranga poi*—You ask about strong things."

But he would sing into our machine, if we liked. He would sing Kromanti, if we wanted him to do so. "I won't fight your machine," he said, smiling.

"*Anabobi, Anabobi,*
Anabobi, Anabobyo,
Tata Ando.
Anabobi, Ando,
Anabobi,
Tata Adjaini,
Anabobyo
Tata Fa'aku."

"They will understand this in Africa," he said, gravely, and then he moved toward the doorway and stood there

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

looking out on the river. Whether it was a gesture that he would sing no more, or not, we could not say, but when he turned again to us he looked thoughtful. "White man, how far away is Africa? Would they kill me if I went there? Could I get a woman, if I went there?"

We sent him some food to his boat as an expression of hospitality, and word came back that when we had done eating, he would himself come and thank us. When he did come, it was to speak his thanks and to say goodbye, and he did not come alone. With him was the young man who was his traveling companion, and this young man carried gifts to us. Bayo, who had arrived a short time before, received the gifts of fig bananas and rice for us, as was the custom of these people, for to have given or received a gift in person would have been the way of a boor, just as it would have been bad form to stand about and watch us eat.

The leave-taking ritual, as that of greeting, is as formalized as a litany and almost as solemn.

"*Adiosi, adiosio—waka bon, yere. Tan bon*—Goodbye, travel well, hear? Keep well." Ajako carefully laid away his top cloth in his woven closed basket, straightened his loin cloth, and paddled away briskly from the landing.

Later, boats pulled up bringing the Gankwe men.

"Sedefo, we have a fine boat for you. It's large, and it will take a great deal of load. It's a new boat, just come down from top-side."

The men busied themselves with bringing our provisions from the shelter to the landing place so that the loading might begin. A tent had been made of palm leaves for the boat in which we ourselves were traveling, so that we might be shielded from the glare of the open river, from sunstroke and the sudden tropical downpours, and the men decided to load this boat first.

Now there was a murmur among the Gankwe men. Sedefo was passing his hands over the new boat, as though it were a human form, touching its "head," running his hands over the "ribs," the "belly." Then he balanced himself in it, and shook his head.

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

when The Time came, his brothers and sisters
and sisters' children would gather to divide what wealth 428 968
there was. The greatest share would, of course, go to the
brother who would marry the widow, but all the others [587]
would get something.

"And his children, the children he made, would they get anything?"

"Why no, the children he made are his wife's children. They belong to the family of his wife!"

"But suppose he cared for them very much. . . ."

"Then he might have made them some presents now and then when he was alive, but even then some people say it is better not to give them too much. When a man dies his possessions go to his family. If this man's children, who really belong to his wife, were to take things now, they would get a kunu for it, and they might get another kunu which the father had, for if they got his possessions, his kunu would go to them, too, and there would perhaps be one in their own family that had come to them through their mother. No man or woman wants this."

It is kunu, then, which sees to it that the tribal law of succession and inheritance through the female line is not [611] violated.

4

There was the case of Asikanu, our paddler, who was the 115 ●
brother of the head of an important clan, which gave us still another instance of the workings of kunu. Asikanu was, in his own right, not a negligible figure. When his brother died, it might be he who would succeed to the headship of the clan. When the other paddlers wanted things of us, they would come to ask in his name. "It is not a small thing when Asikanu asks," they would say. "He is a big man; he is the brother of our chief. You must not refuse him."

Asikanu had a way with the women, although it would 684
have been best if at least one of them had resisted him. She was married, and, when her husband discovered her infidelity, she went to Asikanu. Now this was as it should

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

6

Fa'aku was chief of his clan. He was a handsome man, with a quick, clever eye, and a reputation for great honesty everywhere on the river. To him we appealed for more light on kunu. We had met him in his village on our way upstream and we had seen him in the tribal council house when we had sat at the great krutu held there by Granman Yankuso. When we stopped again at Fa'aku's village on our way down the river—this village that was so close to Dahomey, the seat of magic—it was evident that the gods favored us. We had come safely through the great rapids. We had stayed at Asindopo Lantiwe in good health, and the spirits had even spoken for us through some of the women whom they had possessed. Fa'aku spoke with greater freedom than we had yet met with.

"There are different kinds of kunu, and some are big and are very bad; but some are small and do not make much trouble," he began.

The greatest kunu came from making a child with a member of one's own family, with one's true, true sister or, what would be almost as bad, with a child of one's mother's sister. Murder was a great kunu, too, and perhaps next to that was the kunu that came to the Bush Negro if he informed to the white man against one of his own kind. Then there were the kunu that one got for false accusation, and for repeated stealing, and even for lying, if it were done too much. For lying is not good, lying makes too much trouble among people. And there were many more kinds of kunu, some of which he mentioned. Killing a snake or a tiger and not burying it with honor brought on a kunu, and cutting down a silk-cotton tree was kunu.

When a big kunu came into a family, it wiped it out. One by one the members of the family died. Men died, women died, and children were never born, or they died when they were small. "This goes on until the family is finished," Fa'aku said. A lesser kunu could kill as well, but its vengeance would be directed only against the women who carried on the line of succession to office and property, or

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

BAYO, THE PLAYBOY

"Will Bayo be married before we leave the bush?" we asked, telling her that only a short time would see us returning to our own country.

We had often talked of marriage with Bayo on our trip up river and had offered to make up what he lacked in gifts and money that we might witness the festivities of marriage. He had, of course, promised to have matters arranged.

Bayo's aunt laughed, however, when she heard the question, and turned to the other woman who was with us in the dimly lighted hut.

"Did you hear what the white man asks?" she called out to her companion. "White man, let me tell you something. Bayo is a long way from marrying yet. Why, his girl's breasts haven't begun to come yet!"

It seemed that Bayo had also to see to many things before he could marry. He had not yet cut the field for his mother-in-law, nor had he made any of the carvings which he needed to give his betrothed and her mother, for Bayo was a poor carver.

"Bayo has cunning in his eyes, and his head, but his fingers have no cunning, Bak'a. . . . But you know this, Bayo is strong."

Her train of thought turned at the last phrase to our journey up river. Had we traveled well with Bayo? Had he got on with the other men? Awa, she knew that people liked him. It was the obia he had, and his own gods, but his gods were bad, too.

"When he was in his mother's womb, he troubled her much. He tore at her. Ai, she had no happy time of it with Bayo."

We remembered the incest kunu in Bayo's family, which lay in wait for all its members, killing off one by one until the line was wiped out. We ventured a cautious question.

"You are the sister of Bayo's mother?"

The answer, however, did not take us to kunu, but rather to the iron on her arm.

"Ai, and of his father who is now dead. In our family we have strong gods. It is these that have come to Bayo. . . . "

Herskovits & Herskovits B-5 (1928-1929) 1934
Bush Negroes
Saramacca

"So we see from the Kromanti obia on your arm." Was she, a woman, possessed of the war-like Kromanti spirit? we asked her.

"It is as you see. I am a woman, and I have Kromanti—and it's strong Kromanti."

"We had not heard of women your age getting Kromanti."

"Ai, there are not many, but when my spirit comes, I dance heavy. I dance like the men."

We must have appeared unconvinced, for she became more emphatic.

"What they do in other villages, white man, I do not know. But I have Kromanti, and when the drums speak here at *D*jamungo *I*, too, come."

She rose and went into the inner chamber of the house, where the hammocks were hung, and brought out several objects wrapped in old cloth.

"Bayo said I should have obias for you when you came. He said you would pay well for obias. I have these for you."

The trading commenced. There were two small images—"*gadus*" they were called, both crudely carved. One was called Winti Nyamusi. It was a spirit which gave children to women.

"When I come to ask for children, then I take sweet rum in my mouth, and I spray the gadu, then I say, '*Naymusi, da wa' buno mi*'i—O Spirit Naymusi! Give me a fine child.' Then the child will come."

What was the other image, the larger one, with anteater's bristles inserted at sides and top?

"That is a Kromanti obia. It is the Opete spirit, the buzzard. When you take it with you, you must speak to it so. You must say, 'Obia-o, I am carrying you away with me. You must look after me, you must see that my life is spared, O great spirit.' Then you must spray it with rum, but not the sweet rum, not for Kromanti."

There were other obias she had for us, some to be worn about the neck, and others to be worn below the knee.

BAYO, THE PLAYBOY

"Bayo has asked me to find a strong *aumani* for you," she said, naming the obia she held with the word for such magically endowed properties used by the Ashanti today, on the West Coast of Africa. In rapid succession she gave us the African words of the Kromanti designation for the white clay, for the ancestral pot, and for several other ceremonial objects we discussed with her.

"Did you make these for us?"

"Ah, no. Women do not make obias. My brother made them for you."

The next morning when we were leaving Djamungo she came to the landing place with us. In our hands were the images we had bought. The young paddlers looked on them with fear. On no account would they even come too close to us who carried them. It was not the image, nor the external properties of a sacred object which disclosed its power, but rather the magic that had been called to reside in it, and the strength of the gods of him who had been instrumental in bringing the magic to the figure of wood, the brass bell, the cowrie shells, the ant-eater's bristles, or whatever else was used.

"Tell them in your village," Bayo's mother's sister called after us, "that here at Djamungo the Kromanti spirit does not come to men only. When women get Kromanti, they, too, can fight."

2

We had not been back at our base camp for more than a day when Bayo came up the path calling the greeting of a comrade. Had we fared well with the Granman?

He had, he told with pride, seen all those things a man who went on so long a journey should see, and he had been to Lamé again, where there were strong obias and where the women knew how to love. Now he would remain with us until we left the bush, and he might even decide to go with us to the city, and from there to the French shore, where there was money to be got. What with the money he had earned for timber, and the money we had given

Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1929-1930) 1934
IBS Bush Negroes IBS
Saramacca

him, and what he could get on the Marowyne in a year, it would be possible for him to see to it that his betrothed had all the gifts that a man of position gave to his woman. There were, too, other things to bear in mind. Already he had seen a girl who would make a desirable second wife, but that would require still more money.

"But, Bayo," we interposed, "we saw your mother at Djamungo. She told us your girl will not be ready for marrying for some time."

"Did she say that? Did she tell you that I am still a child?"

"What's the matter, Bayo? Don't you like her?"

"Awa, I like her. Not too much. She likes to talk."

We thought it politic to give the subject a new turn. Close beside Bayo lay the dog that had accompanied him the first time he came to us here, before our journey up the river. His was a curious color, a faint pinkish hue which puzzled us.

"What is the color of your dog, Bayo?"

"He is white when he does not have obia on him. He is a hunting dog. Tross is his name. He will stay with me. The obia comes off when he goes into the river."

We laughed. "Does Tross hunt in the river, Bayo?"

"No. In the bush. But if I leave him behind, he swims out to my canoe."

Tross was to become better known to us as the days went on. He had a great affection for his master, and this feeling extended to all those who appertained to Bayo. After Bayo had attached himself to our camp, we, too, came under the aura of his dog's regard, though this may have been made the more reasonable by the fact that the netting of the mosquito guards of our hammocks appealed to Tross as a comfortable place to spend the night. He was a good watchdog, and sometimes we were awakened by his low growl, and a voice saying "*Cho!*—Be quiet!" Just now we were interested in the cord about his neck, and we asked Bayo about it.

"It is more obia. It is strong, too. Nothing happens to Tross when he goes in the bush. You will see."

Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

alone or with some friend, into the wax cylinders that spoke back in such mysterious fashion. When Apanto came to visit us, Bayo smiled as he saw the obia man approaching from the landing place.

"His obia is strong, but mine is strong, too. Let him sing into the machine."

Apanto was visibly surprised when he saw in operation the machine his spirit had wrecked. "The machine is not weak, Apanto," we assured him. "It has its own strength, and now it has the strength your gods have given it. For in the true, true Saramacca, a great obia man spoke his message to the Great God into it, and since then it has walked well with us."

Out of the corners of our eyes, we could see Bayo's pride.

"Sing for us, Apanto," we urged, for he had a beautiful voice. "Sing us an Apuku song."

Now Apanto sang, not once, but many times. It is true that when we asked for Apuku he sang Vodu, and when we asked for Vodu he sang Toné, and when we asked for Toné he sang Kromanti songs, and when we asked for Kromanti he sang the sacred dirges called "Papa" songs. Yet this was not otherwise than might be expected, and it was not too difficult to play the records to interested men of other villages, whose startled comments would soon tell us the kind of song he had sung.

It was another day when Apanto again sang, and some of these who had witnessed his first victory were about. One such addressed himself to Bayo, who was sitting near.

"Apanto's spirit fought the machine, and stopped it. But the machine works and sings back to Apanto. Its strength has come back to it."

"Awa, Apanto's spirit is strong," we heard Bayo reply, "but there are other strong spirits on the Saramacca."

4

Bayo had spent the night at Gankwe, and had returned resplendent with a new hairdressing. We joked with

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

him about it as he came to take the white man through the bush trails to a neighboring village.

One of the girls who admired him had achieved this, but how she had managed to make the minute braids was difficult for us to see, for Bayo's hair the day before, long for him, had not seemed sufficiently yielding to permit of braiding. Yet here he was, his head covered with innumerable small braids which divided the white scalp into sections and showed lines where the many regular parts had been made. This made quite a new man out of Bayo. He was no longer the warrior who went without food because he was bored with the idea of preparing the food—a woman's task or, at best, that of an old man like his great-grandfather Bibifo who had cooked on the up-river trip. Now he was a dandy.

"Ai-yo!" he crowed back as we speculated on the labor that had gone into the creation. "It took her almost all the night! It is hard work."

"She must like you, Bayo."

"She likes me well, ai!"

"Are you going to have her for your third wife?"

"Who knows? But a man doesn't marry every woman who braids his hair."

Soon Bayo and the white man were off through the bush, Tross going ahead as scout. Back and across the path he would dart and for the white man, unaccustomed to the sounds of the bush, it was difficult to tell whether the rustling he heard was caused by the dog, or by the small animals stirred up from time to time. Once a snake coiled on the path moved lazily away as they approached; Tross had disturbed it, and the snake had no mind for more encounters. Once a small animal of some sort dashed across the trail ahead, the dog in close pursuit, and for some moments we could hear them tearing through the underbrush.

"Aren't you afraid that some animal will hurt Tross, Bayo?"

"He is a good dog. And I have put strong obia on him."

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1929-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

115 584 [249] Bayo knew the bush as he knew the river. At one point he stopped and, clipping off a long, slender branch with his bush knife, he trimmed it and began to strike at a palm tree. He was after maripa nuts, and soon they began to pelt the ground. Their pink, slightly astringent meat was highly prized by the Bush Negroes as a delicacy, and the white man also found them good. Both munched them as they walked farther into the bush. It was a good time to speak of Bayo's marriage.

"Your mother said you needed to work hard before marrying."

"Ai."

"Is it money you need?"

"Much money, and goods besides."

"What will your girl do with all this money, and all of these goods?"

"They are not all for her. She would have me without them. It is her mother who must get things, too."

That Bayo was attractive to women, we had often seen, but that his betrothed would have him without the wealth demanded for her by right of whatever position her family held, seemed doubtful. However, this was not the time to argue the point.

"Your girl is still young. Do girls her age know enough to choose a man?"

The question brought us to the story of how Bayo became betrothed.

His girl, he told us, was of good family. She had lived in his village, because her mother at marriage had come to live with her husband at Djamungo, but a few years after Bayo had become betrothed to the girl, his mother's sister took her away to the family seat up the river.

"Do you care for your girl, Bayo?"

"*M'an sabi, Bak'a*—I do not know. We shall see how we [331] get on. But her family is good, and they are looking after her chastity, as families who have position do."

"What if you don't get on after you are married?"

586 "We will separate. She will go back to her own family. Sometimes, if a man doesn't like a woman too much, and

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

she doesn't make children, then he can send her back. But most often it is the woman who goes away."

When the wife left the home her husband had built for her and went to her family, he had to go to her village and plead for her return, while her relations berated him soundly for his behavior toward their kin. If he had not mistreated her badly, the family would urge her to return to him, and so great would that pressure be that she would have to go. But Bayo again repeated that this did not happen often. If a woman left her husband and he failed to come for her, they were divorced. She could not remarry until three months had passed.

But Bayo was more interested in marriage than in divorce, and the talk again turned to his betrothal.

His mother and her brothers had decided upon the match. His uncles had gone to the family of the girl, and talked with her mother's brothers. Her people called a family krutu to decide whether Bayo was qualified to be a suitable husband for this young member of their family.

"Were you there?"

"No. It was a krutu of her family. But I know how they talk at these krutu, for when my sister was promised in marriage my own family had a krutu, and I sat and listened. Anybody who knew anything bad about my brother-in-law or his family told of it. They talk much at these krutu. The woman you met at Djamungo talked when the men talked, and she talked when the women talked," he finished with a laugh, as though it were a relief to him to know that at least she had had no say when his girl's family had gathered to look into his own family position, and his personal habits of work, and the gifts the gods had given him.

At this krutu of the girl's family, Bayo had, however, been thoroughly discussed. Was he a good worker? Could he hunt well? How did he behave in strange villages? At his initiation had the gods come strong to him? Had he done anything that his wife's family would later be ashamed of?

The white man wondered about the kunu which hung over Bayo's family, the kunu of incest, the deadliest of all

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SRS Bush Negroes SRS
Saramacca

"Suma de, ai," he acknowledged.

6

Bayo remained in the bush, but he did not come to the city with us, though he took us into the Awka villages as captain of our boat. While at the base camp, he busied himself with making small models of traps and snares, and whatever other examples of Bush Negro work we needed to augment our collection.

He was a poor weaver, for he was no craftsman at all. But on the river he showed almost superhuman strength, and his knowledge of obia and the gods showed his potentialities for achieving what he most desired—to become an obia man. It may well be that his great kunu had planted this ambition in him. Perhaps, if he became a renowned obia man, one of the greatest on the river, he would outwit the combined power of ancestors and gods. His physical strength was such that all seemed possible to him, and his eye was quick, his curiosity unbounded. As a child of incest, a twofold member of his clan, he had certain immunities from the gods, though his line would all the more be flayed by the punishment which his parentage had earned.

"White man," he would say to us, "the next time you come, I will go with you to Africa. By then, I shall have given my wife children, and my sister's children will be grown. I want to go to Africa to learn obia."

His young brother was not strong. Bayo allowed them to cut no kamemba on the boy, who was now almost eleven, and it was clear that he would not be able to go through the Kromanti initiation, that he would have few gods.

"What will you do then, Bayo?"

God alone knew. He did not expect that even in Africa he could learn all he needed to know to help his young brother.

"Would he go with Bibifo?" we ventured, remembering that Bibifo had become Adrian.

He laughed. The white man asked many questions.

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

115 As we sat and talked with him, we learned much of his life. His father had died soon after he was born. His mother was still alive, but she was poor, and life was a burden to her. His shortcomings in all that required discipline and technique were directly traceable to the kunu, and so were the deaths of his father, and several of his uncles. He had been obliged to be his own master, to get his food as best he could. His gods came to him early, and long before his initiation he used to show evidence that his Tiger spirit would be strong. But it was not entirely his lack of training which was at fault. His uncle's spirits, too, were powerful in matters of obia, but they had not vouchsafed him any skill in carving or weaving.

Perhaps it was the exigencies of life as an orphan, whose family was plagued as well with the greatest kunu of all, that had given to Bayo's perceptions an amazing quickness. When people were puzzled about the nature of our work, Bayo decided that it was a type of white man's obia. The white man's desire to gain knowledge not for gold, but for its own sake, was not unlike the seeking of the good obia man who did not become rich by his labors. Later, when we spoke of what he had told us of ceremonies and ceremonial life with men who were older, men versed in the lore of their people, we were astonished at the grounding the boy had in his own civilization.

115 152 If he was boisterous, somewhat boastful with us, it was not difficult to understand the motivation. It was his urge to assert himself. But among his own people, particularly when he was with older men, he walked "softly," as he himself said. Yet men twice his age saw to it that they did not "rile" the boy.

"When Bayo gets his Tiger spirit, Bak'a, he is not the boy you know. Be on your guard. He is young, but when his Tiger spirit comes, he can kill."

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

manner and success of these escaped African people in the adaptation of their primitive culture to a new environment.

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2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Paramaca

175 Marowyne River on account of the Boni and Aucaner tribes,
361 who were long established there and who were much stronger numerically than the newly arrived Paramaccas. They finally came out of the creeks, however, and founded a village on the Dutch side of the Marowyne River near the mouth of the Paramacca Creek. The main seat of the tribe is
[103] now the village of Langa Tabiki (Long Island), which, as the name denotes, is an island in the Marowyne River. This is the village of the Granman. Beside Langa Tabiki, there is
361 the village of Amerika Condree (from a Bush Negro captain
103 called Amerika). This village is situated on the island of Boni Boro, which means the "Bonis arrived." A third important village is that of Akodo Condree, captained by one Akodo and situated on an island of the same name in the Marowyne River. There are lesser villages on the Dutch bank of the Marowyne extending just past the mouth of Gran Creek. The Paramacca village of Seeton Ponta (Pointed Stone) is situated on the French side of the Marowyne. The older villages in the Paramacca and Tempati Creeks have long since been abandoned.

115 In Seeton Ponta we had a long talk with an old Captain
159 Koffay who claims to be some eighty years of age and whose appearance certainly bears him out. He is the grandson of one of the original women slaves who escaped and aided in founding the tribe. He can remember his grandmother telling of the terrible privations of the early days when they first escaped into the jungle, how starvation nearly overtook them on a number of occasions, how they wandered for forty-

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Paramacca

seven days aimlessly in the high bush, and then happened upon the putrid remains of a tapir which had been killed by a jaguar and which food, after they chased the vultures away, was what saved them from starvation. He said that now they call themselves Teegre Nengre (Tiger Negroes), for they believe the jaguar was ordained to save them. One day his grandmother showed him gold in a creek bed and she told him never to touch it for she had seen it make white men crazy. His grandmother was born in Dutch Guiana. She had never told him stories of Africa, but he had heard of it from the Catholic missionaries. He knew that the blacks had come from over the sea, but he had also heard that they were the original inhabitants of the jungle who had been killed off by the Indians, with the exception of a few roving bands who had joined the escaped slaves. (Slaves are known to have escaped as early as 1650 and may have formed bands, which may, in turn, have joined the Boni tribe, for the Boni today are called Aluku Nengre—Indian Negroes—by the Aucaner and Paramacca tribes.) We also heard that the term Aluku Nengre refers to Indians of the Rukuyana tribe, of which one of the women was taken by Awensai, Granman of the Boni, as one of his wives. The term seems to be used in a somewhat opprobrious way on this account.

Old Captain Koffay, clear-minded and vigorous physically, believes that the white man will some day try to re-enslave the Bush Negroes and that there will be another war between them. "Bahkra greedy," said he.

The small Paramacca tribe does much less in the way of

/20 cont./

613 We have said that the recently founded lineages, being of
571 only very small size, cannot constitute a distinct social unit and are placed under the authority of one of the lo heads. That is not a condition imposed by force or any moral coercion whatever, but a practical social necessity. A lineage, reduced in numbers though it may be, keeps in the eyes of the Refugee Blacks imprescriptible collective rights; and if these members agree to group in a separate village and work separate soil, nobody will stand in their way.

128 Such are the elements which stand out after a first study of
613 the kin groups as it can be deduced from interrogating the heads
614 of these units. It leaves unresolved some important problems:
[115] The Boni have the idea that their kin groups are lineages
[829] in the real sense of the term. Nevertheless, questioning on genealogies does not permit all to /21/ go back to the founding ancestress. Three of them, the most important numerically, prove in this respect to be divided into several fractions. Can we be sure that these fractions are actually of the same origin and that the people concerned are not deceiving themselves in believing it? In the social structure of the Refugee Blacks are there no mechanisms leading toward assimilation, to fusion of groups of heterogeneous origin?

We cannot answer these questions directly. First of all it is indispensable to study the conception that the Boni have of kinship ties within the matrilineage. Then we shall examine the genealogical tables of the various lineages, and for those that the study of genealogies shows to be divided into several fractions, we shall study the interrelations of these fractions.

601 Kinship within the matrilineage: The kinship terms translate a
613 purely classificatory system. The principle of classificatory kinship

/23 cont./
613 614 Not one of the members of the group could trace back to the common ancestress; yet these three fractions together behave as [601] [784] a single lineage. All its members know their mutual appellations "brother," "uncle," etc. All are subject to the same kunu.

The law of exogamy is respected within each fraction, but 613 614 582 123 there are seven cases of unions between members of different fractions; these unions are disapproved of in principle, but they are tolerated.

Thus, on the subject of exogamy, we see the thought of the Refugee Blacks breaks away from the rigorous principle on which their social order is based. It is the actually known genealogy which counts in their eyes on this point.

613 614 128 [115] [601] In December, 1958 we were able to reconstitute the complete genealogy of the group (Fig. 4), thanks to the memories of the doyenne of the group, Ma Imma, who had lived for a very long time isolated in a village of the Maroni estuary. The data thus reconstituted are in complete agreement with the kinship appellations among members of the various fractions. /24/

/Fig. 4 appears here./

The case of the Kotika lineage is thus particularly interesting, for we find ourselves knowing its genealogy completely when its members know it no more than partially.

613 614 [602] Study of this group shows that the forgetting of kinship ties has no effect on the physical grouping of the lineage and its functioning as a social unit.

It has direct repercussions only on the observation of the principle of exogamy. Thus the way in which exogamy is understood and observed appears to us from now on as a secondary criterion having no certain value for the recognition of a common origin.

[621] Some Djuka and Saramaka have settled among the members of the Kotika lineage, but as individuals.

[621] The Lapé (La Paix) lineage, whose name alludes to one of the great plantations of the Cottica River in the 18th century, is

[See p. 34, Category 116 -- Analyst]

/39 cont./

648 posts except as they present themselves for recording of vital statistics or for registration on voting lists.

administration has for a long time appeared /40/ in the eyes of the inhabitants of the interior as a benevolent office); but they obey the old African maxim of never telling the whites more than half of what they know.

125 In the absence of any nominal census which could serve as a point of departure, this job presented considerable difficulties arising principally from the extreme mobility of the population:

[484] —Never is the whole population of a village assembled together simultaneously; the proportion of those absent frequently reaches 50 per cent, especially in the fine season (hunting, fishing, boating, clearings at the farming habitations, etc.);

[551] —A good many men and women have two, sometimes three, names used interchangeably. If one does not personally know a large part of the inhabitants of the villages and does not have at his disposal carefully made-up genealogical tables, it is impossible to understand anything;

● [115] —If the men respond in good faith, it is not the same with the women, who are inaccessible to any reasoning. Some try to cash in on the information they give, others obstinately refuse to answer;

125 591 342 —A number of adolescents and even of men between 20 and 35 years old have no regular hut. Each Boni, man or woman, is in principle expected to build a hut in one of the "great villages." But this residence may be fictitious: It can, for example, be a tumbled-down hut which they intend to put up again some day... or the pent roof of the house of the mother or a brother, under which they install themselves on days when a ceremony causes the lineage to meet together, residing the rest of the year in a farming habitation.

/42/

125 The name of each individual is printed in boldface type
128 once where he can be considered as habitually residing.
162 Children under 15 are considered as living with the persons responsible for their education. If it was not possible to obtain accurate information about this, they are considered as living with their mother.

Each listing bears a number, for example Dju D7, making it possible to find again the individual's place in the genealogical table. In the example noted, refer to the table of the Dju lineage, line D, no. 7.

601 Genealogical tables. These are of unequal value according to the
128 age and the memory of the old people consulted. In general
[115] they go back to three generations beyond the oldest of the old men now alive.

[165] Since the Boni show remarkable longevity, and the average difference in age between two generations can be estimated at 31 years, one can assume as probable that the most distant ancestress known of each lineage was born between the middle and the end of the 18th century. For example, if we assume that
[613] Kuluba, the ancestress of the Awara Bakka, was about 100 years old in 1956, we can take for granted that she was born about 1856 and that her great-grandmother was born about 1760.

613 The most ancient ancestress known of each lineage is certainly not the foundress. It is infinitely probable that the founding of these groups goes back to the beginning of the 18th century and that they were born on the same plantations where the ancestors of the Refugee Blacks were slaves; this would explain the names borne by the lineages, names which nearly always allude to a plantation or to a slave-owner.

601 In a general way, the memory of the Boni is very sure,
128 and the information given in the form: Ma X... begot So-and-so,